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St. Cloud Tribune

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THE "CHRISTMAS" GROUCH

The Christmas grouch dies hard, but he begins to breathe feebly. There is scarcely a family but has a Christmas grouch—some one who thinks it is foolish and that a great deal of money is wasted at the season now upon us.

ized and that Christmas trees are a menace to lives and that once he knew of a house that caught fire from a Christmas tree; he says it is a sin to spend money for flowers at Christmas.

To Golden Days

There are two days of the week upon which I never worry, two care-free days kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension. One of these is Yesterday.

Interruptions

Tell us from what sea isle, Thetis, Where the billows sob and moan— ("I say, old fellow—") Thus your late is—

How Far Is It to Christmas?

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

How far is it to Christmas? It's across the Land of Dreams, where are the laughing valleys and the ever-singing streams, and up the hill of doubting and along the road of smiles until you reach the border of the land of otherworlds.

It's far away, and near us; it is there, and close at hand—oh, earnest little fellow, can I make you understand? You lie awake and whisper, you count and count the days, and try to bring it nearer in a hundred varied ways.

Already you have seen it in a gleam of joy afar, have seen its joy approaching in the twinkle of a star; you hear the bells that jingle and the clatter of the hoofs that ring a song of gladness as they gallop on the roofs.

How far is it to Christmas? It's not so far away—for all I know, already you have and hold the day; it has no time nor season; it is not set apart, but sends its blessed sunshine to every little heart.

THE GIFT MONTH

December—the gift month! "Give; it is like God," says an old proverb. Christmas is a happy time because then the best feelings of the heart are elicited and allowed full play.

ings leading into estrangements, coldness, forgetfulness—life, even as it is and ever must be unto us mortals, creates, as it were, an icy film over what is the kindest and best in all our hearts.

I'd Rather Be Square

I'd like to be rich, and I wonder who wouldn't. And yet if it cost me what some people say, I'd like to be rich and find that I couldn't.

The Rural Church

Is the rural church passing? Are the days of good, old-fashioned religion a thing of the past? So it would seem from a reading of the report of President Kenyon L. Butterfield of the Massachusetts Agricultural College to the Commission on Church and Country Life.

MERRY

CHRIST'S coming inaugurated among men a new era of good will, and as a consequence thrones are tottering, chains are loosening, prison doors are opening and practical Christian beneficence is flooding the world with sunshine and fills it with songs of gladness.—Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson.

HERE is that "glad tidings" of which the angel spake to that gospel of "great joy," the wondering shepherds—this announcement of God's love for man and man's sonship to God. And these "glad tidings" are for "all people," so the angel said. There is not a single soul to whom the tidings of Christmas come that is not assured of the love of the almighty and infinite Father.

REFORM ye, then—so sounds the voice of the Eternal Spirit, the power back of evolution—reform ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. So we may gird ourselves to every task of reform with new hope and fresh enthusiasm and ring our Christmas bells again.—Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton.

IT MAY be that in every gift with which at this blessed Christmas tide we gladden our children's hearts we are the Magi again offering treasure to the Holy Child. We may make it so. But richer gifts than these will be required. Our endurance shall be our gift to him who gave himself. Is there toll for us, that we may honor him? Is there self-denial? Are there holy consecration and humble service, that shall make the world at last a spotless sacrifice to him who purchased it?

AND DID you ever think what a peculiarly blessed sound in the ears of those watching shepherds of the Valley of Bethlehem was the announcement of the angels, "Christ has come?" Ever since the gate of Paradise was shut against our first parents his advent had been looked forward to as the hope of a lost world.

TILL there is a call for strenuous endeavor and constant fight against evils without and within, as though God would remind us that this is not our rest, that the true holiday (holy day, as it used to be written) is above at this right hand.—Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson.

WE KEEP Christmas because of its good tidings of great joy. The season of its occurrence is our ripest time. The

The Boy Who Didn't Believe. He didn't believe in Santa Claus. As the king of the Christmas crowned: "How can he come down a chimney. An' he so fat an' round? An' where's the reason an' where's the proof 'bout reindeer runnin' across the roof?"

We Understand They Were Married

In the fullness of life (according to the laws of human nature, which draws into a juxtaposition all who would really enjoy the beauty of life) has been revealed in a long looked for and also a long hoped for event. By an act of Providence there has been provided two existences, two lives, two individuals in two different families in the immediate surroundings of this community. These two existences, which had heretofore traveled the pathway of life, each moving on in an independent course, passing through the various experiences of life and never once dreaming of what the end would really be, had emerged upon the common but ever-blessed pathway of life to blend together into a single union of the thoughts and intents of each other's hearts, wills, and affections, and thence plunge into the great land of fertility. We are only too willing to admit that the contracting parties took to heart the words, "It is not good that the man should be alone," because last Thursday evening at 8 o'clock Mr. Oliver Keefer and Miss Myrtle Bowker amalgamated their earthly careers into one harmonious entity when they stood before the marriage altar and agreed to the words which bind the twain as one.—Gallen, Mich., Herald.

Ads

A lazy, drifting sea of blue With golden shafts a-shining through A yacht, a chap a flapper; Brass rails, a crowd all well dressed, too. It's an "ad" for clothing by Dapper.

Peace Recessional

(Apologies to Kipling.) Goddess of Fortune, known of old, Fate of our thin brown battle line—Beneath whose kindly hand we hold The love of Peace from palm to pine; Goddess of Peace, make us aware, Should we prepare? Should we prepare?

Get The Girls Out Of The Trenches

While Mr. Ford and his friends are continuing their preparations to "call the boys out of the trenches by Christmas," we who stay behind have an excellent opportunity to call the girls—the shop girls—out of the trenches behind the counters in that same glad season.

December 1 is none too early to begin preparations for the holiday which falls the 25th. One of the lessons in humane conduct—in that consideration for others which means true gentility, has been realized only in the last few years. That lesson is that early shopping blesses both those who buy and those who sell.

Spare the shop girl the strain of that weary week of feverish shopping in the last few days preceding Christmas. Spare her the exhaustion which attends that exhibition of careless selfishness. She will thank you for your thoughtfulness. You will get better service and better bargains and spare yourself much discomfort.

Just a Pleasant Smile

The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth while, That costs the least and does the most is just a pleasant smile. The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves his fellowmen Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again. It's full of worth and goodness, too with many a kindness blent— It's worth a million dollars, and does not cost a cent.—Beacon.

ODD CHRISTMAS BELIEFS

Indians say that the best time to catch a deer is on Christmas night at 12 o'clock, when they believe the deer kneels. Some of the Germans believe that those born on Christmas day have the power of seeing spirits and even commanding them. A popular saying in Spain for Christmas day is, "The bird of dawn singeth all night long to frighten away all evil things."

people dressed to represent Biblical characters moves through the streets singing chants, and so to the banks of the river. The ice is broken and a small wooden cross thrown into the water. Any one who can recover the cross is regarded as extremely fortunate and sure of good luck for the remainder of the year. Christmas celebrations in Mexico begin December 17 and continue until December 24. Each night a festival is held nine in all, an invitation being sent out to these "posadas." "Posada" means "inn," typifying the way the holy travelers, Joseph and Mary, sought in vain for rest and shelter.—Selected.

GAMES FOR XMAS AFTERNOON

Games fill in nicely the time "between the dark and the daylight" on Christmas afternoon. A "holly hunt" demands holly leaves cut out of green paper and placed about the house in plain sight, but in unusual places. Each child goes a-hunting the leaves with a basket, and the one who finds the largest number receives a prize. For a cranberry race each couple has two bowls, one partly filled with cranberries. Each person, using the left hand, tries to see how many berries he can remove from one bowl to the other with a tiny spoon. Envelopes filled with cut-up pictures of Christmas scenes pasted on cardboard and passed one to each person give quiet fun. The contest is

putting the puzzles together and seeing who can do it quickest. A variation of the familiar "donkey" game is played as follows: A large tree is drawn on paper and fastened on the wall. Pictures of Christmas gifts cut from advertisements and catalogues are distributed among the guests. Each is blindfolded in turn and tries to fasten the gifts on the branches of the tree. Some inexpensive prizes for Christmas contests are blotters, decorated with holly in water colors or oil, and butterfly needlebooks. Dainty bonbon boxes may be made of water color paper or of cardboard covered with crepe paper. These filled with home-made candy are always acceptable.—Exchange.

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Watches Jewelry Silverware Novelties FOR HOLIDAY TRADE

We handle only the best goods. Everything Guaranteed.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE Between 17th and 11th Sts.

Child Labor Campaign Progresses In Spite of War

In spite of the war and hard times the campaign against child labor made progress in this country last year...

All these activities were made possible by the fact that 77 per cent of the members of the committee renewed their subscriptions...

The Child Labor Bulletin calls attention to the fact that the federal child labor bill is the chief interest of the committee...

Fall Planting of Fruit Trees Is Risky in Florida

Several advantages are to be had from planting fruit trees during the fall in the north. But in Florida fall planting is risky...

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TRIBUNE

O Little Night Wind

O little night wind, take me where thou goest Between the dark and dawn, when life swings lowest

Over the harbor, with faint lights a-dipping, Out toward the sky's edge, over the shipping.

O little night wind, saddest of singers, Tapping my window with small timid fingers,

Mourning the long night through, So oft I lie and see the gray light breaking,

And hear the world around me once more waking— Wishing I had gone away with you!

-Ethel H. Wolff

Short Course of Interest to General Farmers

The Farmers' Short Course which will be held at the University of Florida, January 21 to 27, will appeal to men engaged in every branch of agriculture.

Dr. W. C. Etheridge will have charge of the agronomy work. Corn, cotton, sorghum, sugar crops, forage crops, including oats, will be taken up with reference to cultural methods, improvement, soil adaptation, and practical breeding.

Prof. P. M. Rast will have charge of the soils work. Drainage, irrigation, fertility, soil improvement and soil management will be given as much attention as time will allow.

Remedy Offered for Cattle Bloat

When a cow becomes bloated something must be done quick. Quite frequently the animal is dead before a veterinarian can come.

The old remedy for bloat is puncture. If the formalin does not give relief or if the animal is in a serious condition when discovered this method may be resorted to.

COLONIZATION

Complete Text of the Address Delivered by Col. John McElroy, Editor of the National Tribune, before the Southern Commercial Congress, Which Met at Charleston, S. C., Last Week.

Ever since the dim, mythical days of Hercules the blood of our whole race has flowed with desire for the Golden Apples of the Hesperides.

These were the last and best gifts of Gaia, the Goddess of Earth. She brought them forth to celebrate the marriage of Jupiter and Juno, the King and Queen of Heaven.

A million swords have flashed to gain the land where it bloomed. Mignon's yearning, sung in every civilized tongue, voices the aspirations of the race.

Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom, Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom;

Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows, And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?

Knowest thou the land? O, thither with thee My dearest, my fondest With thee would I flee.

For 2,000 years or more, much of struggles of the millions in Northern Europe to get over the colossal barrier to the Alps eternal snows into the sunny land of the orange and lemon.

From the incursions of the Goths down to the time of Napoleon III, there have been wars without number for "Italia which has the fatal gift of beauty."

Men fell like leaves in Autumn from mighty armies striving through the frozen gorges.

Peace has seen countless millions spent in building wonderful highways over the glacial precipices and in piercing the mountains with tunnels of extraordinary length.

On the contrary, it lies scarcely more than a night's journey away in a comfortable sleeping car.

As a concrete illustration, the Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic and I were conducting Maine Memorial exercises at Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D. C., February 16, 1913.

The frozen North, with its biting winds, seemed only a bad dream of the night. That evening we dined at St. Cloud, Fla., with the Golden Apples of Lake East Tohopekaliga for dessert.

This is a simple fact which outweighs endless volumes of poetry and description which the English, American, French and Germans have written of the charms of the Italian Peninsula.

Within a single day's easy journey from the winter-scourged population centers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago is a climate far surpassing that of soft and generous Italy.

Our Southland is free from both these afflictions. The fortunate inhabitants have no reason to fear either freezing blizzards or scorching blasts.

"Distant pastures look green," says the old adage, and tourists, proud of their travels, have unduly exalted the charms of other lands, while ignoring the superior ones of their own.

genial Italy than that whose shores are wasted by the historic Mediterranean.

While generalities are very well, a specific demonstration is necessary to give them practical application and convincing value.

For many years the veterans of the Union Army, which my paper represents, had been urging me to head them a place in the south, where they could go to escape the blizzards of the Northwest and the deep snows and long winters of the Northeast.

The response was immediate and overwhelming. Within a little less than five years we have converted a plain, grown up in fennel, saw palmeto and scrub oaks, into as beautiful and comfortable a town as can be found under the shadow of the flag.

There are over 3,000 permanent residents and a population of 5,000 in winter time. The town of St. Cloud has been a wonder to the whole country. It has one National and a State bank, as fine a schoolhouse as there is in the country, seven beautiful churches, excellent hotel, waterworks, ice and electric plants, and every convenience to be found in the most up-to-date town in the country.

A large proportion of the inhabitants of St. Cloud are veterans now far past the prime of life and they feel that their lives have been lengthened years by removal to that genial climate. They tell wonderful truths about how asthma, rheumatism, pulmonary and stomach disorders which have plagued them in the North have been instantly relieved in that marvelous climate.

The best advertisers of St. Cloud are old soldiers and their families, who have gone there to live. The result is that while Florida showed an increase of population of 42 per cent in the decennial period from 1903 to 1910, it will probably show double or triple that rate of increase for the period between 1910 and 1920.

When St. Cloud was established the population of Osceola county was 5,507 on an area of 1,800 square miles. The census taken five years later shows a population of 10,035, almost exactly double.

Osceola county had been given over almost wholly to cattle ranges, but this year in the county, and largely near St. Cloud, were 125,000 orange trees bearing and coming into bearing, 45,000 grapefruit trees.

There is still another overwhelming reason why the South must develop in population and production out of all proportion to the development of any other part of the United States. An every-day fact that we cannot get rid of any more than we can the law of gravitation, is that the population of this country is doubling every 23 years, while the land is not increasing.

Get that Victrola for Christmas

Your whole family will be pleased on Christmas morning to find a Victrola in the home.

The Victrola is a worthy addition to any home. Its music and entertainment are always welcome, and there's surely no better time to get a Victrola than right now.

Come in today and see about your Victrola and we'll arrange to deliver it any time before Christmas.

The instrument shown above is the Victrola XVI, \$200. Other styles \$15, \$25, \$40, \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150, \$250, \$300, \$350. Victors \$10 to \$100. Terms to suit your convenience, if desired.



R. DeWITT BROWN Sales Agent Kissimmee, Fla.



garding the land. The newspapers have made all of us familiar with the exciting scenes that occur every time an Indian reservation is thrown open to settlement.

The last Indian reservation in which I took an interest was the Shoshone. The demand upon me for information was so great that I got out a pamphlet, in which I gave all that was to be known of the country, and concluded with strongly advising all to keep away.

I told them that the reservation was on the roof of the United States, where the wind would blow the hair off their heads. Only a part of the land was fit for cultivation, another part only fit for grazing, while the third part would not grow even timber for building purposes.

In one great particular, the people of Florida have a monopoly of the market, which can be never taken away from them. On that narrow peninsula, vegetables can be raised, ready for marketing from one to three weeks earlier than in any other part of the country.

There can be no comparison of the desirability for settlement of lands in the South, with those in the distant and semi-arid West. For certain crops, Florida is the most favored state of the South, with St. Cloud the center of that fruitful citrus belt, which produces the finest grapefruit, oranges, lemons and pineapples in the whole world.

Wherever they have gone they have identified themselves with their communities and become actively helpful in everything that made for the general betterment. They are very effective advertisers of the South.

What one newspaper has been able to do for St. Cloud and Osceola county is easily possible to accomplish in every county in the South.

There are millions in the North who are awary of half the year in ice and snow, and who long to go where the only freezing is by the ammonia process in the ice factories. There are millions whose hands are caloused by using the pitchfork eight months in the year. They want to go where their cattle can browse on grass growing up fresh every month.

All that is necessary is to point out to them where their yearnings can be fully gratified.

They may not be able to raise the golden apples of the Hesperides outside of Florida, but they can raise that which, in the language of the drug stores, is "just as good"—luscious peaches and watermelons and the glorious scuppernon grapes.

Whenever, in my journeys to Florida, I wake up here at Charleston, I have day dreams on the long ride to Jacksonville, of that 500 miles of idle land, becoming filled with a million homes, where contentment bides, and plenty comes as the sure reward of faithful labor on a fertile soil, under skies benignant with the life-giving sun and rains that never fail.

These day dreams will go far toward realization if the progress of the past ten years is maintained in the few of the coming decades.

Everything points to that progress becoming greatly accelerated every year.

Corn and Velvet Beans Make Good Cattle Rations

Corn on cob and velvet beans in hull make a fairly good balanced ration for cattle, when fed in equal parts by weight. John M. Scott, vice director of the University of Florida Experiment Station, has received inquiries from the western part of the state concerning the advisability of feeding velvet beans in the hull to horses and mules.

Horace (earnestly)—Dearest, if I were you I couldn't live without me.—London Tatler.

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